Hard Times

No business stirring, all things at a stand,

Grocers bay the times are vary bad;

Mechanics work, but they can get no pay,

Beaux dress genteel and indies too are gay. Cash very scarce—dancing twice a weel Business dull—amusement still we

Some live awhile—and then puraps they fail, While many run in debt and go to lail.

The females must have ribbons, gause and lace,

And paint besides, to smooth a wrinkled face

The beaux will dress, go to the ball and play, Sit up all night and lay in bed alf day, Brush up an empty part, took snart and print, Fellow each trilling fashion or odd whim.

Are those bad times when persons will profess

No! times are good, but people are to blame Who spend too much, and justly merit shame

LITERARY.

SELECTED.

MUSTAPHA

A TALE OF ASIA MINOR.

. [Continued.]

The summer was beautiful, and the Bey ex-

alted in the success of lis experiments

Wherever he had directed the husbandry, all

the sun plunged into a belt of clouds which

mounted rapidly from the Mediterranean. The

wind rose in wild gusts-night, sudden, chill

and starless, covered the mountain forests as

with a pall, under which the work of death

Joused from their sleep by the roar of sudden

torrents, the thunderstorms set their mosques

in a blaze, the lightning rifled and scattered the ancient trees which for centuries h d locen

the shelter of their cottages; all was ruin. When day rose, slow, sad, and imperfect, the

kindscape for and wide was one scene of de so-

lation. But if all were sufferers, the chief

the ensuing year, had stripped the soil of its

usual autumnal covering of shrubs, weeds and

copse. The wind and rain had taken full ven-

geance on the attempt to disturb the old plan.

The soil was torn up to the very bowels, and

the Bay was to find his palace surrounded by

the militude in a state of insurrection,-

charging him with their calamities, denoun-

cing his rashness as the cause of the suf-

angry heaven; and demanding bread. The

Bey was overwhelmed. The cry of a multi-

tude was not to be resisted. Yet how was he

to remedy the sufferings of thousands? He

gave them all that his palace contained. It fed

a few for a day! he sold his jewels! all was

but a drop in the sand. The popular cry was

raised louder still, when it was discovered that

the Bey's liberality was increased in propor

tion to the clamor. He was embarrassed and

turned to the young Scribe in his anxiety.

"Stop!" was the brief answer; but the spirit

of Mustapha was not made to stop in anything.

Liberal, eager and lofty, he determined to

show himself superior to this emergency. He

now proceeded to strip himself of all that

could be turned into value. The populace

lived a week in lazy luxury, and liked this style

of life so well, that they determined to con-

tinue it as long as they were able. They at

length used threats; those revolted the high

mind of the Boy; he drove them from the

palace gates. That night he was roused by a

knocking at his chamber door. As he opened

his eyes, a broad glare of light burst across

them. He looked out from the casement;

wing of his palace was in flames; and some

thousands of the peasantry were flinging

torches and combustibles on the remaining

wing; while a host of women with children in

their arms, were exclaiming against "the ty-

rant who had starved them." Mustapha

grasped his scymetar, and would have rushed

out among the ingrates. He was checked by

a gentle but firm hand. It was the young

"Your time is not yet come to be torn

An Old Poem.

To follow fashions and delight in dress?

People complain they have no cash in hand.

distribution in 1

SATURDAY MORNING JUNE 29, 1867.

# AS LUMBET

# THE ORANGEBURG NEWS

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Down Passenger.	
Leave Columbia at	6.80 A. N
" Orangeburg at 10	0.89 A. N
Arrive at Charleston	4 P. M
" "Augusta	5 P. N
Up Passenger.	2010
Leave Augusta at,	7 A. N
Charleston at.	
Orangeburg at	
Arrive at Columbia at	5.20 P. M
Doton Freight.	

pieces by a rabble," said ke; "follow me." "And leave those heartless wretches unpun-

Scribe's.

Arrive at Charleston at ....... 6.10 P. M. Bay,

"Better leave anything, than leave your own silent rapture. When the tongue of the nohead on their pikes," was the calm answer, as ble Bey loftily poured out his wonder, the eyes g to a dark corridor which opened on the palace tears of the soul. 'Yet this difference of their on the second of the second of

burst triumphantly over the gilt curic guide and Mustapha, new to the world, and newer lies turned; but the age of the Two of was on him; and he fold it would be his Arab chargers were and the flames rose wilder on the countenance beside him, as its expression on the bin. The rose and the flames rose wilder fore him. The rose ind the harnes rose white was touched by the moment glowing with together. "The precious," said the Scribe, was touched by the moment glowing with together. The Bey reluction of the horses. The Bey reluctions with the high devotion of a worship-

"Dull times," re-schoes now from ev'ry quarter, Even from father to the son and daughter. Merchants cry out no money to be had, mounting and of the norses. The Bey relation mounted the other, The Scribe gave as charger the rein. Both were instantly at full speed, and rushing like the wind towards the long and sandy shore of the Mediterranean where it ourves like a ring of gold, with Samos, blue and beautiful, a huge saphire, in the rim. For two days they wandered along the coast until they reached the town of Scala Nova.

The prospect had the usual loveliness of the able glare; the horizon of the waters had the west of Asia. The bright stream, the noble ook of a vast buckler of brass. The air, was hills, the brilliant sea, the magnificent forests stagnant; human life soured in the universal of lonis, were before his eyes; but he could corching; and as pilgrimage was the frieght, see nothing but the flames rising over his igotry broke out like a pestilence on board palace, and hear nothing but the roar of the Mustapha listened, first with astonishment to ungrateful multitude.

"Fool that I was !" he exclaimed, as he dashed his hand against his ample forchead "doubly fool, to expect that a generation of those souls of clay could understand my inten-

"Time is the teacher," said the young Scribe; the man who does in one year what he ought to do in ten, must have a master of his own, who will make him pay dear for his lessons. Try the world again." . But the Bey seemed the world; and resolved on turning dervise; or while he was speaking, a furious battle arose fakeer, or hermit.

"Let me go," said the impatient exile, where never sight or sound of man will reach me. Or let me wander where the earth will be all alike to me, where in the length and breadth of universal brotherhood all individu- interfere between such slippery personages as ality is forgotten; or let me be the bandit of Rounielia; the Arab of the Zaara, or the Tar- half-drawn scymetar into its sheath . But he seemed to be more luxuriant than in the whole tar of the northern wilderness. Never will I had not far to follow the combatants, for one of range of the land beside. But, one evening, be the friend, the protector, or the prince.

> In two days more, a Venetian ship was to sail for Egypt with pilgrims for the Holy House. "Before you make your trial of solitude," said the young Scribe, "try how you different to everything; he would have marched to China, or the moon alike, if he could, "To Mecca then," was the answer. And they both hatred? "Ask the villian whom you have

> The passengers were like the living cargoes, which are yearly thrown on Arabia, composed of the produce of every nation, of the Mosa lem, Turks, Tartars, Persians, Indians, believers in all the shades of ereeds which make that he dared to doubt that the sacred camel the map of Mahometanism as motley as the which carried the prophet in the Hegira was was lovely, the sea was smooth, the wind was fair, and with a newing sheet the vessel glided claimed his rescued antagonist; "I never doubtfrom the bay, and floated along the shores of ed for an instant on the subject. I said, and that richest landscape of the world. Mustapha say, that the sacred camel was black. And if was delighted with the scene. All to him was new, and novelty was the food of his eager spirit; but the sense of beauty, of grandeur, and of the overwhelming power of nature, luxuriated in the perpetual magnificence of the sky, the mountains and the ocean that now expanded on him for the first time. He had never before seen the sea; the Propontis was but a lake and the Bosphorus but a river : he now saw the majesty of the waters preading without a limit, sending forth the sun at dawn, as from some pearly palace in the depths of ocean and at eve, opening their bosom for his de scent among pavilions of purple and rose, and closing over him with billows of molten gold. As the vessel swept eastward from the Gulf of Macri; the mountain ranges, that make the rampart of the land from the violence of the in answer; "ay, black as midnight!" . Then, winter storms, seemed to fly away behind him. light and rich colored as the clouds, and swift as the clouds themselves. All was wild, fantastic and vivid. The marble range of the Gulf of Macri was followed by the promontories that girdle the great Gulf of Satalia. Mustapha, without the consciousness of a poet felt the creative thoughts of poetry; and compared the summits of the mountains, as they sparkled with incessant fadiance, to crowns of living jewels dropped on them from the skies ; or to the thrones of spirits that stoop from the stars to keep watch over the world. The glorious scene vanished, -only to be followed by a new multitude of all the shapes of beauty, rising from the distant waters like floating pearls, and constantly spreading and ascending, until they stood above him in gigantic heights and forms; some frowning in savago grandeur, some clothed with sunshine like sheets of gold, some winding away bathed in twilight like the figures of a long procession veiled in vestures of eternal purple. During the whole voyage down the coast between Rhodes and Scanderoon, Mustapha and the Scribe were constantly on deck together, enjoying the luxuries of this great banquet of nature, but each according to

gardens. The shouts rose again, and the fifthe faculties was a mindrance to their friendship, burst triumphantly over the cili and the fifthe gave a fine variety to their thoughts; on the countenance beside him, as its expression was touched by the moment glowing with crimson with the high devotion of a worshipper of nature.

But they were now to lose the enchanted

down the coast of Syria. No change could be

more complete; all was the barren wilderness;

even the sua seemed to share the melancholy

notony of the land. All around was intole-

hore; and the vessel, leaving Scouderoon, ran

the bitterness of men for opinions, and then with laughter at the absurdity of the opinions. He saw the Persian ready to take the Turk by he heard, and the Turk ready to return the ipsult by the poniard, for the question, which of two men who had died a thousand years ago was the true descendant of the prophet. May the prophet spurn them both out of paradise," was his laughing exclamation; for the Shifte and the Sonnite would quarrel about the number of pearls in its pavement." Even in the fore part of the ship. He was rushing towards it; but the Scribe pulled his robe, and lie turned. "They," said the youth, "are two doctors of the mosque fighting;" Mustapha doctors of the mosque, and he returned his them, a huge Arab of Medina, came running to the stern, dragging the other along by the neck to throw him overboard. Mustapha's humanity instinctively made him grasp-the defeated party as he was on the point of being like the march to Mecca." Mustapha was in- held up the unlucky combatant, and with the other kept his vanquisher at bay, he asked, what could have been the cause of this mortal barely kept from my murder," exclaimed the. defeated Mollah. "Does the misercant dare to repeat his impious words," roared the man of Medina; "I call every true Moslem to witness as I call heaven and earth to avenge the crime white." He could utter no more: he choking with fury. "Dared to doubt it?" exthat misbelieving slave's dagger were at my throat, I should say it still:" the saying was unlucky, for in the effort to second his demon stration by a blow of a knife hid in his sleeve. his foot slipped and he fell under the very heels of his enemy. The Arab instantly rushed upon him, and before an arm could be raised for his protection, had hung him over the ship's side. Even Mustapha now shrank from advancing, for the Arab swore by the holy stone of Mecca, that at his first step he should see the heretic tossed into the sea. But to show that I understand justice." he exclaimed; "I shall give the wretch one chance more : Achmet Ben Saddai, son of an evil mother, do you acknowledge that the camel was 'white?" "Black," was the outery down to Satanai !" shouted the Arab, at tempting to fling him into the waves; but the Mollah would not be shaken off; he clung to him with the nerve of death; and the struggle was fierce, until the Arab uttered a scream of agony; and both plunged out of sight together. On their rising to the surface, the Mollah was seen dead, strangled by the grasp of his pow erful fellow disputant. The Arab was dying ; his broad chest displayed a mortal wound, which the Mollah had contrived to give him, at the close of the struggle, as a final specimen of his skill in the art of controversy. A boat was ordered to be let down to recover their remains, but the sailorship of the Mediterraneau is tardy, and in the mean time the disputants were taken possession of by more interested activity. A couple of sharks had continued eyeing the struggle at the ship's side, in fair expectation of the consequences. They now pounced on both the doctors, swept them through surges, whose foam they soon turned red, and left the merits of the black and white camels to be settled by posterity.

"Well," said Mustapha, gravely, as the wrecks of those unfortunates disappeared; "I his own feelings. Mustapha, with loud and hope the rest of our disputants will be taught eloquent delight; the Scribe, with deep and by their example?"

> "When," said the Seribe; "were fools ever

## The Holy Land in 1807.

who is strolling through the Holy Land and Palestine. He is not particularly impressed with its present state, whatever its past may have been. He says: I have not seen a wagon road in Palestine. Even the stones and timber for building the houses of Jerusaleus must be brought in the city upon the backs of camela and donkeys; and the roads over which Abraham, David, Christ and the Apostles ones traveled are but paths winding over rocks and around the base of sterile mountains, In fact this whole land, said to have been once so beautiful; is now but a rocky barren waste. I think I have seen more good land in our estine. Much of the country is occupied by the Bedouin Arabs, and for the privilege of visiting the river Jordan and Dead Sea their Shiek requires \$2.50 from engli person. For this amount he sends a guard of Arabs with you. The population of Jerusalem is now said to be but 14,000." The correspondent upon this fact, moralizes thus: "while looking a the city as it now stands, with the narrow streets filled with dogs, Arabs and filth, it is hard to realize that it was once the home of more than one million human beings, and the proud metropolis of a mighty nation. While looking out of the window at the Mosque of Omar, where the Turk bears rule, I can but ask myself the question. Is it possible that on that spot stood the temple of Solomon ? Is it there that David held his court ! The page stopped at once. He had no possible desire to of history answer, Yes: . That spot is Mount Moriah. Upon that ground stood that Temple whose glory filled the whole earth,

### Cut This Ont.

The Mercantile - Times gives the following easonable rules for young men commencing

The world estimates men by their success in

fe-and, by general consent, success, is evidence of superiority. Never, under any circumstances, assume

your duty to yourself and others.

and in doing this, never reckon the cost.

Remember that self interest is more likely to warp your judgment than all other circumstances combined; therefore, look well to your duty, when your interest is concerned.

Never make money at the expense of vo

Be neither lavish nor niggardly, of the two void the latter. A mean man is universally despised, but public favor is a stepping stone to preferment—therefore generous feelings should be cultivated.

Say but little-think much-and do more: Let your expenses be such as to leave a alance in your pocket. Ready money is a friend in need.

Keep clear of the law; for even if you gain our case, you are generally loser of money. Avoid borrowing and lending.

Wine drinking and eigar smoking are bad habits. They impair the mind and pocket,

and lead to a waste of time. Never relate, your misfortunes, and never grieve over what you cannot prevent.

# HUMOROUS.

Yours is a very hard case, as the monkey aid to the oyster.

Indulge in humor just as much as you please, o it isn't ill-humor.

The only blusterer from whom a brave man vill take a blow is the wind.

Present your wife with everything she wants, nd perhaps she will be quiet for the present.

When is a wave like an army doctor? When t is-a-surgin. "Never was ruined but twice," said a wif:

once when I lost my law-suit, and once when gained one."

The captain of a vessel is not governed by is mate, but a married landsman generally The second section is the west, and

It is always excusable to "put the cart before the horse," if your horse travels back-

The following list of refreshments includes many individual drinks not found on the wine lists of the popular hotels.

For Bankers—Current Wine.

For Stockbrokers-Share y Wine. For Shipmasters-The Old Port. For Mining Operators -Mineral Water. For Octogenariaus-Elder Wine. For Scamstrosses-So-da Water

lady out with her little ; in and boy bought chilin a rubber balloon, which escaped a the tears in his eyes, said, Nevermind Neddy, when you die and do to Heaven, you'll dil

### Neck Twisting in Church.

good story is told of an eccentric old parson who was sorely annoyed by a habit bis nocks around every time anybody outered the door and passed up the alse of the meeting house, to be what manuer of person it might be.

the annoyance, the old man

exclaimed one Hunday:
"Brethren If you will only cease turning your heads round whenever the door opens, and you will keep your attention on me, I will promise to tell you as I preach, who it is that

Accordingly he went on with the services. nd presently made a stop as one of the dea-

That is Deacon - who keeps the grocery opposite." Arek of? Smir on the at And then he announced in turn the advent

of each individual, proceeding the while with is sermon as composedly as the circumstances would admit, when at last a stranger came in

when he oried out:

"A little old man in green spectacles and a trab overcost—don't know him—you can all look for yourselves." It is hardly necessary to add that the good

man carried his point, and there was but little neck-twisting seen in his congregation after 

# . Mr. Niggins Enjoys Married Life:

Snakes and miskeeters! but it's nice to be married man; blow me up, if it shift! There's nothing like it this side of Paradiso, nor you side of it either! You bet there ain't.

And I've got the sweetest gar for

too, that ever wore a waterfall. She won't git mad, nor won't goold; kick up the deuce, and responsibility you can avoid consistently with sling chairs about nohow; no, not a bit of it. We've been married now more than a month,

Base all your actions upon a principle of and not once has my dear Susan got into a right; preserve your integrity of character, bad temper-not once has she kicked the cat -not once has she looked black nor once has she slammed a door to.

> No, sir; but my safty-valve, if she's doneone of these things; and says I myself says I "Timothy P. Niggins, you're a lucky cuss. corr are to passess sint a wife and ve thank your stars to the day you depart this

life for a better?". If you want to know what's sweet-if you want to know what's ecstoracious-if you want to know what's elysiumantic-if you want to know what's paradisetatio-and lastly, if you

want to know what's trumps ga married! Oh, the bliss of married life For then you always have a wife:

Getting married generates poetry in a man's head, because whonever a man gits married, if

he has a mind above a mudwasp, he goes to writing poetry. I can write poetry: now, but I never could do it before. I knew there was something

wanting, but I couldn't tell what it was till ?

married my dear Susan; and soon as I did,

that genius stuck out and began to show itself. it did; and then says I to myself, says I: "Timothy P. Niggins, you'll be a poet." You've got it in you; and now. you've got a cautiful, sweet, dear, delighted, good natured

wife, and that will bring it out."

Every cuss, when he gits a dear wife, writes poetry about her; or, to speak in poetical language, the flower-crowned heights of Parnas astride of Pegasus, and gives him a dark out of the Custalian fountain

Them's big words, them are; and it's a big. way to say, "Write poetry."

Wal, to return to my subject, I'm going to

write poetry about my wife, like other chapsso here goes :

> Each lovely stalk of beautiful clover Which covers you fields all over, Breathes in its sweet delightful odor-My Susak

Each skeeter butzing in my room, . At night and morning, eve and noon, Says in its soft, sweet, humbing tone-My Susan.

Each star that shines in younder sky, And looks from here so-all-fired high, Makes me think of thee and sigh-

Each note of yonder warbling frog, Who sits and sings upon a log: Bears to my cars from yender bog-

My Supan This doating gizzard, fifled with love,

Beals but for thee, my sweetest dove, And kleses of her stry glove-

to the server addy Susan.